# dandelion

yiğit feza

poetry

*To Feyza...*

And to the one who will one day read these lines.

# Preface

When a star recedes, its colour shifts toward red. Physicists call this redshift; I call it losing someone.

As the poems grew, so did the ink — the pages were turning red. First there was someone who glowed inside a blue pyramid: approaching light, compressed wavelengths, the density of blue. Then she moved away. And whatever light leaves behind — that last tremor, stretched thin, turning red — I wrote that.

Six sections, one light's journey. From the fall to the geography, from the fracture to the shadow, from the weight to the evolution. Each section a

wavelength, each poem a tremor at that frequency.

Perhaps you too will one day search these pages for your own light. Perhaps a name, the steam rising from a coffee, a curl of hair. Perhaps while reading, your own ink shifts — your colour bends toward red, your ink reddens too.

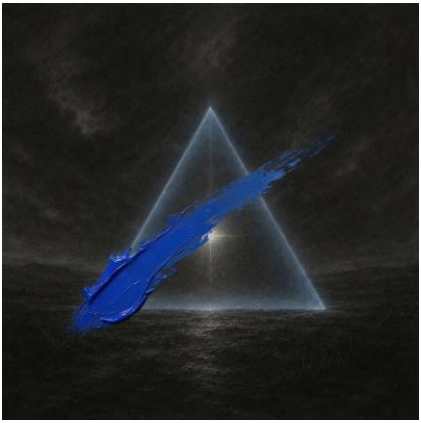
Only then will it truly belong to you.

Yiğit Feza

Bursa, 2026

# I. Falling into Light

*— in an unexpected moment, from within —*



## Hello from the Sun

You touched my speechlessness —
and my sentences bloomed into poetry
for the first time.
How effortless it turns out,
flowing line by line
for someone who adorns the world...

The quiet I kept in my alcove
is seized now by a wild restlessness,
I understand now
that love for you blooms
at the edge of a cliff.

I am in a dream;
the earth greens beneath your step,
the roads widen where you walk.
A boundless sky rests
in the cradle of your collarbones.

A childlike shiver inside me,
an unstoppable storm in my chest...

If the rain should suddenly stop one day,
I'll know —
your smile has touched the clouds.

As you part the sky with your footsteps,
like a greeting broken from the sun,
migrating birds find their way in your
hair —
and my heart slips in among them.

## Curls

The first time I saw her,
she was glowing inside a blue pyramid.
Her beauty, scattered in all directions,
was piercing through my cells.

Was this love at first sight?
My mind refused it; I grew angry at my mind.

While she drank her coffee,
she would look at me each time
with a smile too wide for the cup —
and there it was again, that look.

But most of all, her hair...
Those curls.

As if it wasn't her head that was rising,
but her heart.
A tangle I couldn't bring myself to touch,
so natural,
so free — like birds.

You should have seen, through my eyes,
how they migrated into my heart, strand
by strand.

Then one day she left, suddenly.
Just as she had come...
My heart refused it; I grew angry at my
heart.

Her hair still drifts through my dreams.
When I wake,
I search for that strand still wound
around my fingers.

## Coffee Steam

A joy rising like coffee steam misted
inside me.
Everything began with you —
like the morning the sun rose, truly, for
the first time,
as if the world had only been a draft until
then.

When you laughed, the geometry of the
room would change:
walls widened,
ceilings rose,
breathing became easier.

Even after you left, your voice would
stay —
between the furniture,
in the angle of the light,

in the ring left by the glass...

If your gaze didn't brush another's path,
this thin jealousy inside me
would evaporate and vanish.

As if your beauty
should not be a season open to all,
but a private climate — one that opens
only for me...

But coffee grows cold in the end —
the cup empties, the ring fades,
and I am still staring at that ring.

## A Room Without Doors

Your face — the place
where light finds itself a reason.

Everything your gaze touches
becomes, for a moment, perfect.

A grace that is wounded at the very heart
of noise — that is your voice.

Your beauty like an order beyond telling;
a balance completed by your presence,
pure enough to blush even at its own
praise.

If a word were to fall from your lips,
the world would learn to listen inward...

A time I have no name for
bends and folds inside me;
my being turns into
a room without doors, opening toward
you.

Your absence changes the direction of
time.

A void inside me
that opens with you and deepens with
you
and fills with nothing else.

This sentence —
you are still there where it began,
and I cannot bring myself to end it.

Because infinity
is only possible when written with you.

## Your Concern

How beautiful
to be alive at the same time as you,
even though our places are different.

How beautiful
to exist as if feeling your heartbeat,
even though I've stepped away.

How beautiful
to be the reason for your warm smile,
even though I've left you with pouring
rains.

How beautiful
to be your concern, near and far…

## Ghost Lavender

Your scent was like those unforgettable
summer evenings —
spilling from the pages of an old book
where dried roses had been kept;
everything in me that childhood had
forgotten would wake at once,
and the sky inside me would light up
with a feeling unmoored from time.

I wanted to lay my head on the shoulder
of a cool afternoon
and slow the light down,
to take you in, to keep you, to drown in
you — like breath.

Your scent was a Mediterranean climate
—
standing against the wind on chalky
hillsides,

warm and wild.
And as carefree as my childhood chasing
a ball,
as if my mother might call out at any
moment —
that's why I'm restless.

I hold your scent close,
kiss it once,
and once again.

Sharp lavender and earth —
wrapping around me like a ghost that
broke free from years ago.

*...And in that moment a vertical cut was made*
*in the silence,*
*the door groaned with the joint pain of wood.*
*A petrified yellow scream reaching inward*
*startled the dust particles...*

# II. The Geography of Light

*— seeping into a street, a shore, a city —*

## What Shall I Do with Bursa

*(when you let your curls loose in the wind*
*were you doing it on purpose)*

I woke
Your scent still in the pillow, not your absence
Strange, how I've gotten used to it
First to your absence, then to the habit of it

Mudanya pier drifts in the fog
The old ferries know this feeling
They pretend to be going somewhere
But really just rock in place

*"I got drunk today on a few fragments of memory*
*and my happiness stayed behind the mountains"*

That song helped, but

You already know why...

*(or forget it — when our voices are gone*
*songs should be wordless*
*let Ludovico play in the background...)*

You had those curly locks
and the sea never came to undo them
Maybe it was your hair that washed ashore
I didn't understand
It was a small thing
But it's what I think about most now
Small things stay, the big ones go

On the shortcut from Tophane to Tezveren
I was caught in crossfire and couldn't make it
The roads I'd run down if I knew I was dying

I can't seem to finish them these days

They're still selling chestnuts in Bursa
You're not here, they don't know
I know
Sometimes that's enough

Counting things unlived is exhausting
I counted them anyway, what could I do

We never went to the cinema
Never walked the shore until morning
Never blew on chestnuts together to
cool them
That breakfast you promised stayed
unfinished

Why doesn't the weight of unfinished
things stay half too...

The sea is here too

Not the Aegean, the Marmara
Less poetic, more tired
It resembles me in that

I look to the distance
Not as if you're coming back
Just looking
One stares at the sea
This must be what longing is...

There's something I want to ask but
won't
I already know the answer
You're not coming back

Knowing this gave me a strange comfort
for a while
That passed
Now I just know

Your curls had grown a little the last time
I saw them
I counted that among things unlived too

There's a road from Gemlik to Mudanya
A short road, along the shore
I take it sometimes
We never took this road together
Now when I do, you come to mind

That's my fault I think
Filling every new place with you
But what can I do
It's habit, it won't let go

Missing you is like breathing
Like breathing, this missing —
Missing you like drawing breath
from the very absence that takes my
breath...

*(and you, with your curly locks,*
*went to the bluest place in the sea*
*the waves didn't say where)*

## As Many as the Sesame Seeds

I came across the scent of your lips at a strawberry stall
The plums beside them dazzled my dreams of you
I searched for your reflection in darkened shop windows
Our eyes met; I looked away
I followed my child-mind and wandered through its squares

*(I grew tired...) words dried up on my tongue*

I stirred your laughter into my tea at a tea stand

*(I couldn't tell...) were there more sesame seeds on my simit*
*or more longing for you*

The bazaar is like your body — I get
quietly lost inside it
Colours scream at every corner
A crowd, warm, a familiar hum

## Don't Forget My Name

Everything ends one day, anyway,
Sometimes you must end things before
they're over...
Didn't we wrap the wounded dreams
enough?

Do you know, I missed it terribly —
those reckless days of being us
After all these years you appeared before
me suddenly,
my heart trembled...
My heart, rusting in the wrong loves.
How could I not be afraid of this?
Without you, I had long forgotten how
to love.

I know we were already over, many times
But tonight longing went wild in my
heart

I couldn't stop myself, nothing worked...

I went to Mudanya, at five in the
morning
Because you love the sea air
I brought you there in my dream.

The sea lay still as a sheet
Just like your face in that stillness.

I know nothing will ever be the same
And the sun will never rise as red as your
hair
What they call the world will stay in a
nostalgic shade.

My love;

I cannot say forgive me, but
Don't forget my name...

## Grey

This sea smells of grief in the mornings
—
Neither heroic nor poetic,
Just there, tired and grey.

I never came to this shore with you.
I came alone, sat alone on the stone.
I listened to the sound of the sea —
as it quietly became your name.

When I close my eyes
You stand right here —
Not by my choosing,
But right here.

You never came to this shore with me.
You came alone, sat alone on the stone.
Did you listen to the sound of the sea —

as it quietly became my name.

## Street Corners

Among the crowds
Without bumping into anyone,
I learned to live without running into you
But couldn't get used to it.

I still pause at every street corner —
As if you might step out from there...

The streets no longer lead to you.

Unending sentences inside me,
All ending the same way.

And how bitter, the brazen kind of
longing —

The streets should lead to you now.

## Flickers

A street lamp flickers in the distance,
We used to walk beneath it once...
Our footsteps still echo,
As if that pavement still remembers us.

I think of you at night,
Your name flickers, blinks on my tongue.
The pen sweats, the paper swallows,
My heart quickens, even at your ghost.

# III. The Fracture of Light

*— even the dark was learned from that light —*

## Backdrop

Absence flooded the roads I walk,
I ran,
and in running, I sprained my dream.
I couldn't escape,
I froze in your longing.

Against the backdrop of modern times,
pale present moments
The fabric of time tears as it stretches
Through the rip, a nostalgic laughter
spills.

Did you think it was spring, my heart?
Don't be deceived into blooming...

No poems steeping in your breath
anymore.
I'm cold,

Today my hands freeze at your shore.
Silent waves beat against your footprints.

## W/e

Whatever belongs to you seems to have
chosen to stay in me,
I no longer try to remove it,
Because some feelings, when torn out,
leave a place missing inside
And I stopped diminishing a long time
ago.

I don't remember when this began,
when it turned into you,
when your name evolved into something
else inside me,
I only know it came and went
but in passing, it left a mark more
permanent than itself,
such that now even your absence stands
like a presence inside me.

Thinking of you is not like before,
Slower, deeper, less hurried,
Like a wine that has deepened on its own over the years,
That sharpness of the first taste is gone,
What remains is heavier,
More settled, more silent.

I no longer speak about what it means to be us,
Some words lose their meaning when repeated
And we, it's been long since we stopped being a word
and became a time instead.

I'm neither calling you nor running from you,
I just know you're somewhere out there,
Too far to touch
But too close to be ignored.

The me that remains in you, the you that remains in me
Known by no one, without a name
Neither past nor present,
Only inside something that continues
Imprisoned in time.

It doesn't hurt.
It just takes up space...

## Dandelion

We, together, were like a dandelion
blooming in a corner.
So beautiful, so white...
Making wedding veils envious, making
angels covet.

Waiting for a child to sprint full speed
through the fields
and pluck us and blow.
So defenceless, knowing the end so
well...

In autumn when the wind blows hardest
Our veins nearly freezing, resisting.
And knowing all along that the wind
would win...

We, scattering bud by bud!

A stubborn wind...

On one side, everything we said was over,
On the other, falling to the earth and becoming us again.

Sometimes...
I say to myself sometimes;
Even our end is endless.
So beautiful, so life-giving...

Perhaps this was always the thought that calmed the fire inside me.

We became fire, we became ember, we became smoke;
when neither of us was in ourselves.

I could neither forget nor fall silent,

Your absence, a thorn in me...

## Autumn Count

A leaf fell,
I counted: first.
I counted the second too.
They kept falling,
I kept counting.

How many seasons were lived with you,
How many could not be lived —

Another leaf fell,
I counted: third.
I counted the fourth too.

As if counting the last leaf
would change something.

But the leaves keep falling

And I keep counting...

## Window

Night is the time you belong to most —
In that half hour before morning,
when time is still unaware of itself.

Everyone asleep, I'm awake,
You somewhere in the night too,
Perhaps leaning against a window —
Staring at the same darkness,
with an entirely different loneliness.

Two different silences,
breathing under the same sky.

The dark doesn't ask the day's questions
—
It keeps what it knows inside,
Before morning comes.

When light enters through the curtains,
The distance between us will stretch with
it —
Day will do what it always does:
Pull us each toward separate worlds.

But right now it's still night,
And the night belongs to us both.

## Autumn Ornament

It's as if this spring has been dressed in
autumn's ornaments.
How shy the sun,
How weeping the clouds...
Some leaves have been deceived with
such deep conviction;
They've already yellowed and accepted
their fate besides.

## Inflammation

Our talk has settled into 'whatever',
Maybe we ourselves are just a 'whatever'.

Are you aware... 'if only' feels out of
place,
Longing breathless from running, us shut
outside.

Love is perhaps Alzheimer's;
It doesn't remember us.

Passion's tongue has gone still, it no
longer speaks,
And respect has now wrung us out.

Everything beautiful,

As if we were a shard of glass that crept
under its skin,
Pushes us toward the surface, along with
the inflammation.

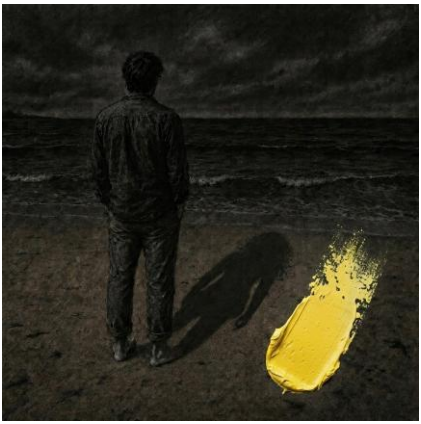
We were once the sun but the season is
winter,
And I could never quite explain this to
you.

We must go today,
Because we cannot stay.

Now, for all the nights that follow,
A great big goodnight to you.

# IV. The Shadow of Light

*— its falling shadow reaching toward the dark —*



## My Ink Is Turning Red

On your tired days I write you poems to rest in
When you tire, come, catch your breath in their shadow...
Don't look at them like they're fragile,
Their weight is in their roots.

On your thirsty days I write you poems in floods
When you're parched, come, drink them syllable by syllable...
Don't fear there won't be enough,
Their springs are in my eyes.

Tonight my pen touched my heart
The more I write, the redder the ink turns.

In my barefoot loneliness my breath runs short
I search everywhere for the coolness of blue that holds you
Your eyes are hiding in the bitter dregs of coffee
They can't seem to give themselves away.

If your eyes had allowed it;
Every glance they ever met would suddenly blush...

Still, I know;
If we said come, longing is too drunk now to come.
If we said hold, too far now to hold...

Still, it's beautiful... Can you feel it?

## The Scent of Iodine

I came down to the beach early in the morning,
I searched for your footprints.
As the shore flattened a little more,
I grabbed at the waves.
My strength wasn't enough, and it took what was left.

As the scent of iodine sharpened,
Everything grows heavier.

Only I remain.
And that wave will take me too.
I'm waiting.

The sand grows cold alongside me.

## Violet Atlas

In the violet satin of evening settling on my chest
Your name burns like a wound that cannot be put out.
Time bleeds inside me like a broken clock,
And I — a wind exiled from itself —
Search for you in the scent of a spring that never was.

## Love: A Poem That Does Not Heal

Your smile is still glowing there,
Even though it's night.
A story waiting to be heard
On the shore of your lips
Accompanied by a sleep that comes like you
Tell me
In a billion-year silence
Curled beside me, not there —

And love,
Is not healing,
But consecrating the wound...

When you come —
How visible I suddenly become.
My bones creak as I spell out your name

My pulse,
turns into the urgency of a flower
opening.
As if it's always spring —
Though time had broken at your pulse.

Loving you,
Is like completing your face in a broken
mirror;
However many fragments there are,
They all turn toward you in the end.

My poems write themselves so
beautifully for you,
I forget I'm in love
And fall in love again —
Like a fool,
Passing through the same heart again and
again
Believing each time is the first...

## I Never Had My Fill

The pitch-black sheet of night tore open,
day was born
A hope inside me, stillborn again.
My dreams of you were a scream —
suddenly struck mute
Your absence washed ashore again
My eyes sank into the rough waves
While memories kiss my lips,
I searched for your name everywhere,
inch by inch
I asked the seagulls, none had seen
My sun sank again into the shadow of
your hair
A pain curled and flowed from my heart
In my mouth, the taste of kissing the
edge of your lips
I search for you among the grains of
sand...

I beg mercy of the wind that touched
your skin
Hoping it might carry your scent...

You beating inside my ribcage! You
exhaust me.
Either grow wings and soar through my
skies, or stop!
The snow-white curtains I thought were
a wedding gown
shut on my happiness.
My sighs stayed in your palms.

I am tired of seeing you only with my
eyes closed.
I crumpled again at the corner of a street
you never visited
I closed my eyes to see you
If I fall asleep in your eyes, don't wake
me
You close your eyes too

Close them so I won't be cold...

Was it not enough — this separation we fed
with tears seeping from our lashes
Years have already steeped the farewell, its ache deep in me

And I think — I never once had my fill of you...

And I am ashamed,
Even if I had been by your side all my life;
Of consoling myself that I would never have
had my fill of you anyway.
I am ashamed,
Of deceiving myself for years just to survive your absence.

I am ashamed of how bare my feelings
are without you.

The yellow of the sun is tired,
the clouds would cry if you touched
them
Look, the sky closes again, let it close
Without you what is the meaning of
blueness, colours, the sun...
Would your smile make up for it all?

Your skin was my sky
The moles on your back were my stars
I would wander between your stars with
my fingertips
Still as vivid as yesterday, the way you'd
fuss when I kissed you
How time has flowed like wine that's
aged
Yet while drinking it sweetly we never
understood.

My mind won't take it in — how did we endure this?

## Night Breakfast

I set a place for you at the table again.
I know you can't see it,
But I can't let go of this habit.

I sliced bread for two,
I poured tea into two glasses.
One went cold.
The other is still warm —
Hoping you'll come.

You didn't.

I drank the cold one,
Left the warm one.
It stood there until morning.

Your glass.

My silence.

## Negative

Your shadow fell somewhere,
When you weren't there.

That sentence you left half-finished,
The photograph never taken,
The pomegranate-blossom dress I never
saw you wear —
All of them have a shadow.

Things unlived are the ivy of things lived.

For a while I left your shadow —
I stood without shadow for a moment,
I didn't recognize myself.

Because when the shadow is removed
The place doesn't brighten,

It just empties.

## Feyza

My heart missed your serenity;
my heart, now burning
When the gaze I'm captive to meets my eyes
Stars would dance on your beautiful face;
while the moon envied
Pitch-dark loneliness used to fear your smile, back then
Your hands should be in my palms again, again...

## The Poet for Hire

You came again —
Just when you had straightened yourself out,
Just when you had made space for something new.
You know this, don't you? That timing.

You rent out your feelings —
You scatter the house and leave,
Without returning the key.

The poet empties the house,
Writes you again —
Damn it, writing again.

He was about to set sail, you stole the wind.

Your brazenness is plain —
Choosing its moment,
Entering without knocking,
Scattering and leaving...

And the poet stays here —
Scattered but hollow,
Not locking the door,
As if waiting for you.

## Poor Grammar

Why are you so sweet, Feyza —
This is a collapsed sentence,
Look, I'm not saying inverted,
I'm saying collapsed, literally —
Melted by your love, this sentence has
fallen toward you.

Yours aren't exactly impeccable either
I search for myself in your sentences, I
can't find myself —
Don't hide your hidden subjects so
much, beauty of Jupiter.

Bury me in your predicate. Otherwise —

In your sentences subjects are hidden,
In mine they've collapsed toward you —

How will we ever understand each other
like this.

## Are You All Right?

An earthquake struck my heart, are you all right?
Its tsunami hits the shores of my eyes
One side of me says run, flee to distant places
From the other side, no news...
All the words in my mind are in a hurry now
I apologize for the ones not yet spoken.

I am a compass today, my west points to you.
I am a clock today, it's a quarter past You.
Yes, I'm late again, I'm sorry...

Today I am a poem,

gathering sentences whose subject is you
into my lines
Today I am without you,
I bleed into you, bleed into you again in
my lines.

There's something inverted today;
I dream the lived, and miss the unlived.

Do you remember the first time our eyes
met?
How my heart had erupted like a volcano
Do you remember saying,
'Will you turn my I into us and be my
happiness?'...
Let 'time' settle the debt —
how did you not stop at that moment!

An earthquake struck my heart again, are
you all right?

## Treadmill

I release these sounds into the void of
space;
Perhaps to remember that I exist,
Or perhaps just to remind.

For a long time I've had no plan,
No wish, no desire...
I just drift through time,
Arriving nowhere, like a treadmill.

I can no longer choose my words either
Like looking for a needle in a haystack.
I'm afraid of the words I might find,
What if they pierce me like needles?
Perhaps not finding them is the most
beautiful thing.

For the first time I'm writing not to
explain myself,
But as if to stay unexplained.

I hid in the deepest dark,
We can't even meet in the mirror
anymore.
No lie — I haven't missed myself at all...
Actually I only wanted a little peace,
I couldn't have known it would come to
this.

I would have wanted to run to someone
Heart in my mouth, full speed.
But I couldn't.

## Devastation

Whatever word I take shelter in,
silence lies in ambush behind it
And yet I had anchored my birth to your shore;
Now I wait for the last day of a life that was never lived.

As my being assumes the devastation of a forest
I topple from my roots, falling into your absence
I fall into a silent well with no visible bottom.

I understood that this migration inside me was inevitable
This is the cruelest season my heart has ever known;

They pushed me down from that last
trust in a woman's eyes
The earth embraced my love.

# V. The Weight of Light

*— carrying it was a way of staying —*

## From the Sea of My Thoughts

Sometimes I think about loves that lose
their beauty.
Loves that fade away with time...
It's always the lived moments that cause
it.

Happy endings feel too good to be real
And pure love, to me, seems like the love
that cannot be lived.

Not yet contaminated by experience,
It naturally gravitates toward the
unfinished.

If I were love itself;
I would never fear being left unfinished.
That was the problem of those in love,
not mine —

after all, I was love itself.
I existed in a single heart
and could have gone on existing until
that heart stopped.
With a sweet routine that overflowed its
chambers, I would cause it to ache.

Sometimes loves seem like they don't
want to be lived.
How selfish these loves are, just like
people.

Those who couldn't live their love envied
those who could;
But the lived loves envied the unlived
ones...

## A Lip's Breadth

I belong neither to earth nor sky
A rootless cry in a silent field,
Can love exist without holding on?

A love left by a lip's breadth
Did you think that was love, my heart!
Can love exist without overflowing?

With my palm reaching toward dead star-dust
Did I mistake turning to ash for colour?
Can love exist without catching fire!

## A Will

The fear of drawing close and breaking
that spell;
The will left by the traces of the past.
That is why we look from a distance,
At what we most admire.

Growing distant is the grief of a foreign
leaf
That no forest would accept.
That is why we grow distant,
From what we most admire.

## A Wild Darkness

My ribcage tightens further
Closing all the spaces tonight
My dreams cannot seep through
I get trapped inside a helpless self
Inside suns I am pitch-black again
Time drips from the ceiling onto my face
As it flows I drift up into the sky...

From between six walls my mind escapes
to the light first
Then my body follows it, heavy and
limping
I drift among the stars, from one to
another
Until I find the brightest one
Then I hold it tight in my hand
Trying to keep it from escaping
I guard it even from myself, cannot open
my palms

Then I question myself.
Was I searching for the light, or
Was I searching to turn it into darkness
and hide it even from myself?

I cannot find the answer,
Quietly I return to my darkness
The bricks in the ceiling feel solid, I
cannot break them...

## I Wish to Be You

How many birthdays have passed in this loneliness?
I can no longer count.
The candle on the cake burns so beautifully
I can't bring myself to blow it out.

The voice inside me wants to wish for us; out of years of habit,
For the first time I silence it.

Come, place a farewell kiss on my we-filled wishes!

Today I don't wish to be us, I wish to be you.
The barest form of your name,
unattached to any dreaming...

Just be you! I can manage without being myself.

Come, let's drink together one last time
In honour of the days we toasted to your photographs!
I only have a little to eat, some cheese and melon
Bring your smile too...

Turn off the lights when you come,
I see your face more clearly this way.

Won't happen, but if boldness dares to;
Don't be offended by my dead-drunk absence of you.

I want to hear Mountain Wind in your voice tonight

*'It seems fate also held parting from you in store for me...'*

At the place where you say that;

I want to release my self...

I want to be you tonight! You, only.

## Halley

You, a wellspring of light that set my
pupils alight...
Perhaps tears were the wrong
intervention,
Only fanning the fire inside me.

While my soul was being cleansed,
I watched the sun freeze in the face of
your grace
The calendar as if July 4, '92, a Saturday
A baby opening its eyes for the first time.

If only — I could have become a black
hole in that moment,
You could not have passed through my
gravity.

Halley's comet, arriving at my foolish
hour —
As it was wasted in your absence,
How could I have endured this
darkness...

## To Call You My Life

I want to fill myself with you again,
Was it possible to become a verse inside
your beauty?
To be beside you even for the briefest
moment of my life
And to be able to say 'my life' to that
brief moment
How beautiful it was

To rest my head on your knees and sing,
To catch my breath in your neck when
tired...
Was it possible

Neither source nor mouth
Only a river flowing toward you
There was a losing oneself in its bed —

Like a grain of salt dissolving in your sweat.

## My Grandmother's Brooch

A half-century of silver memory,
On guard in another mother's scent.
Suddenly on a screen after fifteen years
—
While history flings everything aside for us,
Only that pin has rowed against the current,
Indestructible effort, it brought us to the surface;
It seems I am still in the most sheltered place in your past.

## Exotic Chaos

Your colour is shifting toward red,
A scream inside me — I become its
murderer by strangling it.
This is why every breath of air grows
heavier,
The lead city that has settled on my
ribcage
I push upward every second.

Even being able to simply stand still,
Under an invisible ocean that has
collapsed upon me
Is the effort of keeping my bones from
breaking.

Now neither the city lightens nor the
ocean recedes,
Nor does the scream inside me go free.

## Summer Rain in My Palms

Baby, I'm looking at your photograph
tonight —
A warm summer rain pooling in my
palms.
I hope my ribcage can hold
This heart bent on escaping.

Your neckline takes my breath away,
baby,
For the first time I hate your hair —
I want to gently push it aside,
And fall with my lips onto your neck.

I don't understand,
How the tea glass in your hand doesn't
melt,
How it withstands your fire —
While I melt here.

My fingerprints should be erased on your skin...

Baby, you are like a stone given to fire,
I want you to burn me tonight.

Why is it so hard to describe you —
How do you not fit inside thousands of words?
Your curses could have come like a song tonight.

Baby, grieving that you are not my woman could drive me mad tonight.
I cannot do this...

I cannot take my eyes off you,
I once had you —
I know what everything I've written means.

Please, let me be a fool tonight.

Baby, longing overflows tonight —
Falling onto my skin like the warm drops
a melting candle leaves behind,
Silently and without you...

## The Part of Me That Stayed a Child

Don't look at how swiftly life passes,
I am still the age I was when I knew you.
Time, the time that does not pass in your absence...

That's why the part of me that stayed a child in your absence
My youth, my most beautiful time…

Let us run and tumble through fields where grey falls into our hair.
Then when night comes let us meet again in poems
Of course no poem can cast our broken hearts,
Let it be...

We'll wrap our absences in the most beautiful sentences yet.
Only let's be careful,
Let our disappointments not cut our hands,
Let our soul-splinters not pierce our left sides...

Or let them pierce — I sacrifice myself even to your pain.

## River

The silence that mingles with my voice
Seems to deafen my heart
Perhaps the last grain in the hourglass
While time still remains,
I hid it in your smiles for you to find;
Don't keep my smiles waiting...

The eyes that travel across my face are troubled,
Or has another dream touched your eyes...

You are flowing from me like a river
Are my arms enough to hold you?
The warm shadow that strikes my skin
The sweat of parting has not yet gone cold

You flowed from me like a river

My arms were not enough to hold you...

## Memories, Dreamed

My head fell onto a pillow soft as
dreamed feathers
*(I had held onto you)*
I shivered, I woke inside it
It's being written in you again
The memories of forgotten loves
You in my every memory, you in my
every direction...

*(Forgive me, lately I'm easily smitten,*
*I fall in love with songs where I find you inside)*

Your eyes draw me into their depth
*(I had been taken with you)*

The meaninglessness of life drowns in
your meaning
Here time flows backward
My adulthood on the playground

Too late to part,
Too early yet to meet.

*(Understand, lately I'm melancholic,*
*I embrace memories where I find you inside)*

Happiness hides beneath my eyelids
I'm afraid to open them
*(Our time is narrowing)*

Have you ever seen a poem save a love?
I haven't.
*(Poems were never heroes)*

I know, it no longer warms you inside
If I burned it... would I have had a
chance?

## My Wall

I am a wall to you.
But you know where to strike —
A drill in your hand
Half made of me.

When it first touched
My love crumbled, immediately.
My hope resisted a little —
It knew its worth.

But deepest down
A loneliness that has turned to concrete
Stands before your drill like an anvil
hammering its own ashes.

You think my veins are an ancient mine,
But rust has eaten rust —
Only a blind ember remains.

I am a wall to you.

## My Hope

I wish you hadn't taken my hope
There were poems I still had to write
My feelings are orphaned now
Words are searching for their meanings
Hope, it seems, was a light for the dark...

I understand, I cannot find it
Sentences grow numb by the day,
It pierces my heart
My inability to touch yours

I wish you hadn't touched us
The dream of us inside me.
I couldn't even remain half
I diminish by the day.

For the days without you
Hidden inside my absence of you

There was a you,
Gone along with my hope
Even that won't visit me anymore.

My dreams — not worth dreaming now.

The last branch of hope I clung to has
broken
F'alling...

And yet I had endured your absence,
In this hopelessness I disappear.

## Insolent Life

It's not a body I miss, it's a heart
Kisses left over from evening stagger on
my lips
If I had known you would go;
I would not have given the breaths I
took with you…

What they call 'I' lives in a body
This is not me!

If I had known the cost;
I would not have left the last words to
my pride.

My helplessness is too large for one body
And life: insolent enough to say 'you'll
wear it again next year'!

Tell me, dear life;
Isn't it a shame for the flowers wilting on
my spring branches?

## Opening the Hands

To love something —
Perhaps the moment of its loss is the one
that stands closest to it.

This is not holding on,
Even while holding on
Watching it filter through the gaps
between fingers.

I lost you —
My fire now an ember in an abandoned
building.

I wasn't ready.
Perhaps this is what love is. Not being
ready.
Holding on anyway.

As your hands slip from mine,
Squeezing once more.
One last time.

And then opening the hands.

Opening the hands.

This is the hardest poem.

## Feza

*(From your name, the first letter of mine fell away,*
*you became the cosmos, I became the poet)*

Words fall from the cosmos,
I only gather them —
They all arrive from light-years away,
They strike my face involuntarily,
They reshape me.

Feza does not know loss —
There everything is already considered lost.

I am the earth,
The light that has gone out,
The one long grown cold,
I gather in my palms before anyone looks.

Everything passes over me,
Emptiness fills in after —
Within the disappearance, an inevitable
existence sprouts.

Words fall from the cosmos,
I only gather them.

## Silent

I love you — this simple, this impossible.
My eyes look into yours,
And something inside me goes silent.

I love you — this simple, this
meaningless.
My words look at your words,
And something inside me goes silent.

## Abracadabra

In the sea of your absence, to whose cold
I have grown accustomed
Each time sinking to the very bottom,
I breathe you in, gasping.

I cannot surface from the depths I dive into,
Like the pearl inside the oyster
Somewhere in the deep, I drown.

In time, in its smallest moment
Where I became clouded with you
Any such moment
How I missed it...
There could be no more mortal moment of happiness.

And as my fingers flowed through your
hair
It was a magic that stopped time,
Abracadabra

## My Dreams

My dreams are stuck in the past tense,
You were in all of them.

Sleep won't come again, at least you hold me;
While dreaming I almost fell through my dreams.

I planted your longing into the hollow
you left in my heart,
Missing dried on my cheeks.

I added another to my days without you
In the labour of a sunrise.

I placed mothballs among dusty
memories,

Whether they'll protect against the moth
called time, I don't know...
I don't want those to go either
The only thing left of you.

Did you know?
I always wished for you on the stars that
don't fall,
There were more of them.

# VI. The Evolution of Light

*— it was inevitable for it to survive —*

## Splitting

Everyone has long since posed for the
sun,
This negative washes only in the dark —
You are no longer you.

I don't recognise this darkness,
Growing inside me like an ember.
This is a birth pain;
Silence, piercing through my armour.

Don't lose hope in me,
I will come running to that shelter where
I am loved.
I have always been this way since birth,
Truly, am I still?

I don't recognise this new self,
I have become an ache inside myself.

This is a birth pain;

Muteness, being sharpened in my chest.

## Cocoon

Seasons pass, houses change, people transform.
One day you look;
You're at the shore you said you were a stranger to,
And the rooms you knew by heart are rejecting you.

Change seeps in without asking...
We were exiled from that dim cocoon we'd buried ourselves in.

Time curves with a sharpness that separates flesh from bone,
Fluttering from the fresh wounds on our backs
We are perhaps a butterfly's dream.

## Manifesto

She blows her dandelion,
It won't break in her hand —
Perhaps her breath isn't enough,
Perhaps she isn't there.

Perhaps a colourless dream breathing in
my mind —
Fortunately the wind is blowing,
Seeds pass through me,
Become pollen for the poem —

You, turned away and indifferent,
I am a shadow in your pitch-dark.

And this moment —
Made of billions of moments,
As if lasting billions of years
A swarm of moments.

The night sun shines behind,
In a world without atmosphere —
There is light, there is no life,
A pale star burning far away.

Her hair billows —
Exaggerated and tactless,
The overflow of the feelings inside me.
She gathers light like a halo,
Despite the dark —
My back does not lean on my tree of life,
As far away as she is.

And this wound —
Made of billions of wounds,
As if bleeding for billions of years
A swarm of wounds.

## The Cycle

We meet eyes
Fortunately walls have no tongue
Night stares make us uneasy
Hour and minute hands wait to meet
Today, longer than yesterday
Shorter than tomorrow

Feeling its numbness for the last time
A rotten hope falls from its branch
Hope becomes the earth

Life is a barren cycle
Cannot exist without ceasing to exist
Endings are always too soon
The unl(iv)able is always beautiful
Waitings are as long as a lifetime
Their not-comings as short as a cigarette

Actually,

Time is a cardiac illusion
Life, a magician
Love, an old trick whose secret has been
solved
And this doesn't surprise us

A barren cycle, life
Always trying the same trick.
*(and this tires us)*

## Lost Coordinate

Without you, swimming breathless in
that narrow strait —
Like a blind river searching for the sea
I cannot arrive.

Without you is an address,
With no street, no door number —
I arrive in one step and cannot leave in a
thousand.

Without you is a faith,
That opens every godless night's
morning with you —
Denial tires more than belief.

## Lebiderya

Sometimes I cannot tell —
did I live those years or were they a
product of imagination.
All those futile years coiled like a skein
—
I want to remember them with you.

Let us take a long walk along the sea's lip
—
We could stand at its shores,
Or grow tall in its waters
Or lose ourselves in its depths with you.

If you come, a forest will take root at the
sea's lip —
We may never return.

## Opera House

I don't want to soil this song with poetry
All the words whose meaning I don't
know should fill the lines
What I know is insufficient.

When I hear this song I feel as if I'm
going to die —
But before dying I need to hold you once
more.
I cannot.

And the more I cannot hold you
the more barbed wire aches in my
loneliness
Yet it holds me and lightens my pain

When I remember this song my eyes fill,
a shiver runs down my spine

My breath stops...
Be breath to me.

When you hear this song will I drift
through your veins
Will you feel me too
when you hear this song...

## At Peace's Arm

Peace holds me in its left arm,
And in its right, the nail of restlessness.
Beyond even infinity —
This endless wound of my soul that will
end.

## Makeshift

I searched for beauty, it always pointed
to you.
My intention is not to know you, but to
remember you.

Your soul touches mine like a miracle
hidden in mystery;
With your touch a brand-new universe
expands inside me.
These lines are a tangible echo in the
world.

We are two makeshift souls, yet do not
wonder;
We will be endless, when that blue dress
tears.

## Fezaest

I write to you before drawing my last
breath
Like the last poem being written
Such pure pain flows from my mind and
heart
The words I bring together become not
poetry but death.

Since I could no longer touch your hair
I have been lost, you are the cosmos
Writing poems I load meanings into my
emptiness,
I cannot manage to fill it.

If we had been together — I would have
been master of the cosmos,
Now I drift like a planet wandering
aimlessly, spinning between stars.

I have become fezaest,
The language I know is not enough to
describe you
I invent new ones.

At a beautiful word from you my hands
still sweat
Wildflowers bloom on my cheeks, spring
freshness inside me
Kilometres away yet inside my home
A warmth like light breaking through a
lens and scattering into colours

You fold and gather into my focus,
beside me, more boundless than you
have ever been
You are in every direction to the fullest
extent
every direction; you to the fullest extent...

Mountains, oceans, forests; they all fit
into the palm of your hand
Your eyes a continent, your gaze the
depth of an ocean
And you become the world, my world...

I am enchanted by your infinity — I hate
it at the same moment
Yet it hasn't changed —
my habit of becoming the world's
happiest person
when I hear something beautiful from
you

The square ring on my right index finger
— you had never seen it.
Nothing more than an object that
reminds me of you every time I touch it
Just as I find you in everything that has
nothing to do with you

The moment I first saw you I pinned you
to my soul
Every day I fasten a new safety pin
and while my soul is riddled with holes I
hold you
Even when I cannot hold your hands...

## Waiting for Inspiration

The years have become roads,
the thirsty earth has turned barren for
you.
Pass on tiptoe through my roads
so the first-snow silence inside me is not
startled.

If it should happen that I cannot write,
meet me where snowflakes land in our
hair —
Let us sit quietly; and wait for
inspiration.

## An Elegant Ache

While talking with you my heart is in
prayer of thanks
If I could pocket this moment and run
—
time flowing this fast,
What an elegant ache it is with you.

It means that truly,
if we spent a lifetime together,
we would die tomorrow.

## The You I Built

The breath I gave out in your absence
I drew in through longing for you —
I could not get used to getting used to
your absence.

That notification that never came to the
phone —
How many times I felt it was coming, I
stopped counting.

It didn't work, I couldn't —
If I hadn't created you inside me,
how would I have endured your absence.

## Surfacing

Like whales surfacing to breathe —
Seeing you is like filling my lungs with
air.

Watching you rise in the sea's foam —
Following the drops that filter through
your hair
and stagger on your skin.

Patiently kissing your skin,
defying the arrogant flow of time —
Making love a thousand times, thirsting a
million times
And never having one's fill a billion
times...

## Quantum Love Entanglement

Before your warmest smile I laid out my
soaking infatuation
I thought it would dry, it soaked through
further!
My feelings are like this, forgive my
confusion
After all this is just love — what did I
think, quantum entanglement?

My soul today refuses to accept my
habituation to your absence
Open the ribcage, my heart has grown
wings!
By now you must miss my clinginess

The doctor said vitamin-you deficiency
has affected my immunity

I've been hiding my wrinkles from
mirrors for a while
Accept it now, this man has grown old!

I've stacked up years without you, feel
my tightness
After all this is just love — what did I
think, quantum entanglement?

I accept this entanglement of mine that
exists with you
My tree of life... this man always clung to
you!

In your absence I packed my peace with
myself into a suitcase
Is what they call love after all quantum
entanglement?

## On Loan

I write poems like this
Sometimes I look at a photograph and
pose in its frame.

Entering a person's heart, I write the
poems inside it.

Sometimes in the loneliness of a word I
wait to become a sentence.

I rise from my roots and become a tree,
I become breath for your exhaustion;
Sometimes I become a wave, I leave
foam at your shore.

One day I become a magnet and draw
your heavy, tired, rusted sides.

Now and then I become a traffic light,
breaking down and staying red.

One day becoming the moon I burn on
loan,
I release your feelings.

I become a wall, I silence my poems.

Then I become a cigarette, I spill my
ashes.

And perhaps a grain of barley — I wait
for my pigeon...

I always write poems like this.

## Earth and Rain

Do clouds flirt with the tear?
Does earth rise toward rain like Kerem
While I nearly die as our allotted time
runs out
Do tired loves find peace in your scent?

## Against Time

That crystal ball glowing in my mind,
Shattered with my step, roads erased.
Arriving was a burden, stopping a
reckoning,
I walked, the ties of the destination came
undone.

The day I belonged nowhere,
The earth beneath me a free poem.
No goal before me, no yesterday,
My soul steeps in that infinite void.

That day is today, my feet are light,
Walking, a greater confession than
arriving.

Time a shackle, the world a definition,
My steps now in defiance of time.

## Brand New

Before galactic dust had yet gathered into
a womb,
You and I, sitting on the steepest slope
of the void,
Were listening to the first click of
existence.

You exist in such a timelessness
that even before you were born
I was living tomorrows with you.

Gravity is breaking, our bones grow
lighter now.
This ancient, wild intoxication seeping
into our cells,
Is waking us from a sleep of billions of
years.

Growing old with you, swallowing time
like a pill
and watching death lose track of its own
calendar.

And we scratch with our nails at the
calcareous body of centuries;
Erasing one by one the lines imposed
upon us,
In the midst of our own apocalypse we
remain brand new.

## Shatter

In the smooth numbness of an ordinary
day
That sharp estrangement that surfaces...
Of a reality that goes rigid
There is no remedy but to shatter.
And the person;
Proud enough to protect its limits,
A witness kept at a distance from itself.

Shatter reality, let time's grey blood flow,
Let your essence show, don't transform
any further...
There is no remedy for drowning in
infinite colours but to break.

But the person; too enamoured to tear
down its walls,

A defendant passionately devoted to itself.

## The Reflection of Nothingness

My love, you look in the mirror again, I
am your reflection
I watch your swim strokes in your
absent-mindedness
I take one of every two breaths for you.

We are going, the place we thought we
were going
and where we arrive are entirely
different.
We draw close even as we grow distant.

We are dying, dying together tonight.
Since we cannot kiss... we die together;
what a noble night!

We are disappearing,
your infinity is born from your absence.

It seeps through the crack into rotting roots,
you become an echo in languages I don't know.

We become nothing, as nothing as we have never been.

My love...
Look, the world was erased behind us;
there is no longer either mirror or reflection.

Time, a rough guest child
While it scatters our nothingness
you will be scattered hundreds of years forward
From another mirror, you will be reflected, my love

## Substance

Some were mixed into the earth with
their bodies,
Others into the sky, with their thoughts.

But we were scattered into the universe's
chest with an explosion;
From stardust to star-essence...

Even while being shattered, remaining
'one'
How beautifully we existed,
and how beautifully we ceased to exist.

## The Breath of Light

One day someone will read this poem —
Without knowing your name,
Without knowing your face,
Never having seen your hair...

You will seep into the vocal cords of the wind.
If a leaf stirs, it is your voice now.
If a storm breaks, your footsteps;
Your existence will scatter into the breath of the universe.

Perhaps someone will put on the excitement I felt coming toward you.
Someone will be united,
Someone will become us...

And you, at the place where this poem
ends,
will begin to blow.

## Wreckage

We declared a ceasefire, the bullet stayed
inside me,
The war was over and yet my legs didn't
make it home.
Then a single drop of rain fell, the earth
wouldn't hold,
As ships full of flour left the harbour,
The child on the shore had already died,
of hunger.

## Yâd-ı Meçhul

I throw a stone into the sea at the feet of feelings.
I look at us from a distance —
We are still beautiful as on the first day.
And graceful... even while disappearing.

I will never forget you as if I had never known you.

# Author's Note

Poetry used to be a game I played with words. I no longer know what it is. This book is six sections of that not-knowing.

There are certain people; after you see them, words transform. After you see them, the geometry of the world changes — walls widen, ceilings rise, breathing becomes easier.

It was not only I who wrote this book. Part of it was written by that light, part by that shadow, part by the silence that remained between them.

Thank you for reading these pages.

I would be very happy if you shared with me the traces these poems left in you, what they made you feel, or what you found lacking. I welcome all your thoughts, positive or negative. With love and peace...

Mail: fezaest@gmail.com

Twitter/X: @fezaest yiğit feza

*Originally published in Turkish as* karahindiba
*by Yiğit Feza (Bursa, 2026).*

*These poems were translated from Turkish into English with the close assistance of Claude (Anthropic), with careful attention to their original spirit. Yet a translation can never fully carry the literary weight of the original, and some errors may remain. For this, we humbly ask your understanding.*

# Contents

## I. Falling into Light


Hello from the Sun ..... 2
Curls ..... 4
Coffee Steam ..... 6
A Room Without Doors ..... 8
Your Concern ..... 10
Ghost Lavender ..... 11


## II. The Geography of Light


What Shall I Do with Bursa ..... 14
As Many as the Sesame Seeds ..... 20
Don't Forget My Name ..... 22
Grey ..... 24
Street Corners ..... 26
Flickers ..... 27


## III. The Fracture of Light


Backdrop ..... 29
W/e ..... 31
Dandelion ..... 34
Autumn Count ..... 37

Window ..... 39
Autumn Ornament ..... 41
Inflammation ..... 42

## IV. The Shadow of Light

My Ink Is Turning Red ..... 45
The Scent of Iodine ..... 47
Violet Atlas ..... 48
Love: A Poem That Does Not Heal ..... 49
I Never Had My Fill ..... 51
Night Breakfast ..... 56
Negative ..... 58
Feyza ..... 60
The Poet for Hire ..... 61
Poor Grammar ..... 63
Are You All Right? ..... 65
Treadmill ..... 67
Devastation ..... 69

## V. The Weight of Light

From the Sea of My Thoughts ..... 72
A Lip's Breadth ..... 74
A Will ..... 75
A Wild Darkness ..... 76
I Wish to Be You ..... 78

Halley ..... 81
To Call You My Life ..... 83
My Grandmother's Brooch ..... 85
Exotic Chaos ..... 86
Summer Rain in My Palms ..... 87
The Part of Me That Stayed a Child ..... 90
River ..... 92
Memories, Dreamed ..... 94
My Wall ..... 96
My Hope ..... 98
Insolent Life ..... 100
Opening the Hands ..... 102
Feza ..... 104
Silent ..... 106
Abracadabra ..... 107
My Dreams ..... 109

## VI. The Evolution of Light

Splitting ..... 112
Cocoon ..... 114
Manifesto ..... 115
The Cycle ..... 117
Lost Coordinate ..... 119
Lebiderya ..... 120
Opera House ..... 121
At Peace's Arm ..... 123

Makeshift....124
Fezaest....125
Waiting for Inspiration....129
An Elegant Ache....130
The You I Built....131
Surfacing....132
Quantum Love Entanglement....133
On Loan....135
Earth and Rain....137
Against Time....138
Brand New....139
Shatter....141
The Reflection of Nothingness....143
Substance....145
The Breath of Light....146
Wreckage....148
Yâd-ı Meçhul....149

Light comes, then goes. So do people.
The colors left behind change; the taste of feeling transforms.
You change.
Then one day — words fall short, and you no longer fit within this world.
And in that very moment, you look up.

*For the sky is the sanctuary of souls fleeing the chaos of the earth —*
*and its most beautiful solace.*

*Someone blows the dandelion they have picked one day,*
*seeds drift away — and become stars in another's sky.*
*I, too, have blown, with these poems;*
*with the wish that they become your sky.*